

NEW EDITION.

'98 SONG BOOK



WOLFE TONE.

Memory of the Dead, Boolavogue, Men of the West, Boys of Wexford, The Three Flowers, Kelly of Killane, Tone is Coming Back Again, Rising of the Moon, A Song of the North, etc., etc.

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The '98 Song Book

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

WHO fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? Who blushes at the name?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate who hangs his head for shame?

*He's all a knave or half a slave who slighted his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man, will fill your glass with us.*

*We drink the memory of the brave, the faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave, some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone, but still lives on the fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men, remember them with pride.*

*Some on the shores of distant lands their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men, their spirit's still at home.*

*The dust of some is Irish earth—among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men, to act as brave a part.*

*They rose in dark and evil days to right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze that nothing shall withstand;
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—they fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men, are plenty here to-day.*

*Then here's their memory—may it be for us a guiding light
 To cheer our strife for liberty and teach us to unite !
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still, though sad as theirs
 your fate;
 And true men be you, men, like those of Ninety-Eight.*

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

THE GALLANT MEN OF NINETY-EIGHT

(AIR: " *Viva La.*")

*THE spirit of our fathers bright inspires our hearts to
 firm unite,
 And strike again for God and Right, as did the men of
 Ninety-Eight,
 When Wexford and New Ross could tell, and Tubberneering
 and Carnew,
 Where many a Saxon foeman fell, and many an Irish soldier,
 too.*

CHORUS.

*Hurrah, brave boys, we vow to stand together for our
 Fatherland,
 As did that bold devoted band, the gallant men of
 Ninety-Eight.*

*Their altars and their homes they rose to guard from ruthless
 tyrant foes,
 Who reeled beneath the vengeful blows for freedom dealt in
 Ninety-Eight.
 The patriots' blood that reddened deep the soil where fell
 they in their gore,
 Their mem'ry green and fresh shall keep within our bosoms'
 inmost core.*

Chorus.

*Then let us here give three times three for those who fought
 for liberty,
 As slaves could never bend the knee the free-born men of
 Ninety-Eight.*

*Not they that bondsmen's yoke could bear, while one stout
pike could deal a blow,
Then by their memory let us swear to meet once more the
hated foe !*

Chorus.
BERNARD MAGENNIS.

BOOLAVOGUE

(TRADITIONAL AIR).

*AT Boolavogue, as the sun was setting
O'er the bright May meadows of Shelmanier,
A rebel hand set the heather blazing
And brought the neighbours from far and near.
Then Father Murphy, from old Kilcormack,
Spurred up the rocks with a warning cry;
"Arm ! Arm !" he cried, " for I've come to lead you,
For Ireland's freedom we fight or die."*

*He led us on 'gainst the coming soldiers,
And the cowardly Yeomen we put to flight;
'Twas at the Harrow the boys of Wexford
Showed Bookey's regiment how men could fight.
Look out for hirelings, King George of England,
Search every kingdom where breathes a slave,
For Father Murphy of the County Wexford
Sweeps o'er the land like a mighty wave.*

*We took Camolin and Enniscorthy,
And Wexford storming drove out our foes;
'Twas at Slieve Coillte our pikes were reeking
With the crimson stream of the beaten Yeos.
At Tubberneering and Ballyellis
Full many a Hessian lay in his gore;
Ah, Father Murphy, had aid come over
The green flag floated from shore to shore !*

*At Vinegar Hill, o'er the pleasant Slaney,
Our heroes vainly stood back to back,
And the Yeos at Tullow took Father Murphy
And burned his body upon the rack.*

*God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy,
And open Heaven to all your men;
The cause that called you may call to-morrow
In another fight for the Green again.*

P. J. McCall.

BUAILE MAODÓS

Donncaidh Ó LAOGAIRE D'AISTRIG.

1. M'buaille m'aodóis tráthnóna gréine,
Is bánta luighe go geal fé bláth;
Bí teinte-cnáma ar bárr na sléibhte,
Do báilis céadta éun dul san ár.
Ó Cill Síl Cormaic, bí an tAchair Seán ann,
'S a slóighe lám leis éun dul sa gleo:
Is mórtóis feasta gur b' é ár dtaoiseacá
Ag treorúshaodh Saoiúil an fáidh beo.

Ba cróda gróide é, ar céann a muintir,
Is Siománaig fíochair' d'á ruagád ar fán;
Is díorma an Bhuacaig anois go buadárta,
Is Saeóil i n-uactar le neart ár lám.
Cuíat, a Seoirse, a smíste cróin-óuibh,
Ni dion duit slóighe na n-ámas tar lear;
Mar tá'n tAchair Seán 'sá óglais cróda,
Ag scuabadh rómpa mar tónn mó rí mear.

Bí Cam Mólaing agus inniscórtais,
Agus Carmain tóigé le píce is sleagáis;
Is ar bárr Sliab Coillte bí bualaí millteacá,
Do éuir Siománaig go doimhín fé scrait.
Ag Tobar an Iarainn agus Baile Eilis,
Is mó Oisín sínte 'sísl millte a gclóibh,
'Sá tAchair Seán Síl, d'á mbeadh cabair i nDán d'úinn;
Béaibh Saoiúil go láidir aris i gcoróinn.

Ag fiothair na gcaor cois iméall Sláinte,
Do troito ar sár-fír go cróda mear;
Aict i dtullaig fíorlaim, mo ércaé gheár cráíote!
An tAchair Seán bocht gur sineadh lag.

A DÉ NA GLÓIRE, I DÚN GO DTÓGÁIR,
 An sagart glórmár sa slóigte fear;
 Acht taimíodh ullam aris amáireac,
 Cun troid go dáná o'fearann airt.

THE SEAN BHEAN-BHOCHT

(TRADITIONAL AIR).

OH ! the French are on the sea, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;
 The French are on the sea, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;
 Oh ! the French are in the Bay, they'll be here without delay,
 And the Orange will decay, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht,
 And the Orange will decay, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.

And where will they have their camp? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;
 Where will they have their camp? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.
 On the Curragh of Kildare, the boys they will be there
 With their pikes in good repair, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;
 And Lord Edward will be there, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.

Then what will the Yeomen do? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;
 What will the Yeomen do? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.
 What should the Yeomen do but throw off the red and blue
 And swear that they'll be true to the Sean-bhean Bhocht,
 And swear that they'll be true to the Sean-bhean Bhocht.

And what colour will they wear? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;
 What colour will they wear? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.
 What colour should be seen where our fathers' homes have
 been
 But our own immortal green? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht,
 But our own immortal green? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.

And will Ireland then be free? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;
 Will Ireland then be free? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.
 Yes ! Ireland shall be free from the centre to the sea;
 Then hurrah for liberty ! says the Sean-bhean Bhocht,
 Then hurrah for liberty ! says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.

THE BOYS OF WEXFORD

*In comes the captain's daughter, the captain of the Yeos,
 Saying "Brave United Irishman, we'll ne'er again be foes.
 A thousand pounds I'll bring if you will fly from home with
 me,
 And dress myself in man's attire and fight for liberty."*

CHORUS.

*We are the boys of Wexford, who fought with heart and hand
 To burst in twain the galling chain and free our native land.*

*"I want no gold, my maiden fair, to fly from home with
 thee;
 Your shining eyes will be my prize—more dear than gold
 to me.
 I want no gold to nerve my arm to do a true man's part—
 To free my land I'd gladly give the red drops from my heart."*

Chorus.

*And when we left our cabins, boys, we left with right good
 will
 To see our friends and neighbours that were at Vinegar Hill !
 A young man from our Irish ranks a cannon he let go;
 He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy—a tyrant he laid low !*

Chorus.

*We bravely fought and conquered at Ross and Wexford town;
 Three Bullet Gate for years to come will speak for our
 renown;
 Through Walpole's horse and Walpole's foot on Tubber-
 neering's day,
 Depending on the long, bright pike, we cut our gory way.*

Chorus.

*And Oulart's name shall be their shame, whose steel we ne'er
 did fear,
 For every man could do his part like Forth and Shelmanier !
 And if, for want of leaders, we lost at Vinegar Hill,
 We're ready for another fight, and love our country still !*

Chorus.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

THE CROPPY BOY

(AIR: "Cailin Og a Stor.")

"**G**OOD men and true in this house who dwell,
To a stranger bouchal I pray you tell,
Is the priest at home, or may he be seen?
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
But you must wait till I go and see
If the holy father alone may be."

The youth has entered a silent hall—
What a lonely sound has his light footfall!
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins.
"Nomine Dei," the youth begins;
At "Mea culpa" he beats his breast,
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
And at Gorey my loving brothers all;
I alone am left of my name and race,
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter Day—
At Mass-time once I went to play;
I passed the churchyard one day in haste
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing,
But I love my country above the King.
Now, Father, bless me and let me go
To die if God has ordained it so."

The priest said naught, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look up in wild surprise:

*The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a Yeoman captain with fiery glare.*

*With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of a blessing he breathed a curse:
" 'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive,
For one short hour is your time to live.*

*" Upon yon river three tenders float,
The priest's in one—if he isn't shot—
We hold this house for our lord the King,
And, Amen, say I, may all traitors swing!"*

*At Geneva Barracks that young man died,
And at Passage they had his body laid.
Good people, who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer, shed a tear for the Croppy Boy.*

CARROLL MALONE.

THE MEN OF THE WEST

(AIR: " *Eoghan Coir.*")

*WHILE you honour in song and in story the names of the
patriot men,
Whose valour has covered with glory full many a mountain
and glen,
Forget not the boys of the heather, who marshalled their
bravest and best,
When Eire was broken in Wexford and looked for revenge to
the West.*

CHORUS.

*I give you the gallant old West, boys,
Where rallied our bravest and best
When Ireland lay broken and bleeding;
Hurrah for the men of the West!*

*The hilltops with glory were glowing, 'twas the eve of a
bright harvest day,
When the ships we'd been wearily waiting sailed into
Killala's broad bay;*

*And over the hills went the slogan, to waken in every breast
The fire that has never been quenched, boys, among the true
hearts of the West.*

Chorus.

*Killala was ours ere the midnight, and high over Ballina
town
Our banners in triumph were waving before the next sun had
gone down.
We gathered to speed the good work, boys, the true men anear
and afar;
And history can tell how we routed the redcoats through old
Castlebar.*

Chorus.

*And pledge me "The stout sons of France," boys, bold
Humbert and all his brave men,
Whose tramp, like the trumpet of battle, brought hope to
the drooping again.
Since Eire has caught to her bosom on many a mountain and
hill
The gallants who fell so they're here, boys, to cheer us to
victory still.*

Chorus.

*Though all the bright dreamings we cherished went down in
disaster and woe,
The spirit of old is still with us that never would bend to
the foe;
And Connacht is ready whenever the loud rolling tuck of
the drum
Rings out to awaken the echoes and tell us the morning
has come.*

CHORUS.

*So here's to the gallant old West, boys,
Who rallied her bravest and best
When Ireland was broken and bleeding;
Hurrah, boys! Hurrah for the West!*

WILLIAM ROONEY.

FÍR AN TARTAIR

(Concuðar Mag Uidir, dochtuir Leigis, o' aistrið an t-amhrán
bríogair úo, *The Men of the West* le Liam Ó Maolruainaróe)

(Fonn: "Eoghan Coir")

Má moltar le sgéal is le h-amhrán,
Na fir a bí tréan agus fíor,
Cuir cliú agus cail le n-a ndánact
Ar gheann agus sruthán 's slaoð,
Na fágair ò ar deireadh na tréim-fir
Do éruinnis ar plánaidhe Muigheo
Nuair a gnóthuig na Saill i lóc Sarmain—
Síad muinntir an lartaír bí beo!

Curfá:

Seo sláinte na òpear as an lartaír tòb,
Do éruinnis le congnamh san ár!
Seas síad i n-aimsir an ghearr-caill—
Seo sláinte òpear Connacht go brád!

Táimis na longa lá Fósgair
So cuan Cill Alair ag snám,
'S òfomar comh fada ag súil leo
Sur sileamar naé dtiocfaidh go brád.
Agus éosuig na h-ádarca ag séideadh,
Agus fuagairt go ráib síad ar fágail,
Agus corruiigearaí spreacaidh i nÉirinn
Naé muidfar i gConnacht go brád!

Curfá:

Má caitheadh le fánair òr smaointe
'S òr ndócas, faoi sgríos agus léan,
Tá an fíor-spiorad beo i n-ár gcroíochadh
Naé ngeilleadh don námaidh go h-éag!
Agus féad! Táimidh réidh ar an nóméad
Do élinneas sinn torran an áir,
Agus fuagairt ar clannaibh na hÉireann
So òfuit saoirse òr n-oileáin ar fágail!

CURFÁ:

Seo sláinte na gConnaéctach fíora
 Tá érinnig le congnamh san ár!
 Siad togaí 'gus roga na tire;
 Seo sláinte sean-Connacht go bráct!

BODENSTOWN

(AIR: "The Harp That Once.")

THE lush grass hides forgotten graves,
 The elders are abloom,
 An ivied wall stands sentinel
 Beside a lonely tomb.
 And here, while summer holds her sway,
 Linnet and blackbird throng,
 And blend their sweetest songs o'er him
 Who loved the battle song.

No gleaming marble rises tall
 Above that sacred dust,
 But simple words on modest stone
 Tell of his freedom lust.
 Enough—they bear his message on;
 Methinks could he but know,
 No other monument he'd crave
 While Ireland's flag lies low.

Could he the grave's deep silence break,
 Not sculptured stone he'd ask—
 But men and guns, and gleaming swords,
 To consummate his task.
 Then let us in this holy place
 Kneel down and breathe a prayer
 A vow to carry on the work
 Of him who slumbers there.

MAEVE CAVANAGH McDOWELL.

A SONG OF THE NORTH

AIR: "*The Croppy Boy.*"

ISING a song of the Northern Land,
 Where the young Republic was bred and born;
 Where men of all creeds joined hand in hand
 To meet the Sasanach might with scorn;
 Where heroes fought and where martyrs died
 For Ireland's honour and Ireland's weal;
 Where faith is stronger than England's pride,
 And love more lasting than English steel !

Antrim and Down and Donegal;
 Cavan, Fermanagh and green Tyrone;
 Derry, Monaghan, Armagh—we love them all
 For the tales they tell us of days long flown;
 For the songs they sing us of Ninety-Eight;
 Of Orr, McCracken, and brave Munro;
 Of Hope, and Russell, and Betsy Grey;
 And a thousand others who faced the foe!

From proud Cave Hill up to Breffni's vales,
 From the eastern billows to Inishowen,
 The breezes are telling a hundred tales
 Of the ones who battled to hold their own;
 Of boys like Neilson, the young and brave;
 Of maids, and mothers, and manly men,
 Of priest and parson who gladly gave
 Their lives, that the land might be free again !

Men of the North ! no shame is yours;
 You are still unbeaten by greed and hate;
 The hope of the centuries aye endures,
 And the faith that was flaming in Ninety-Eight.
 The day is dawning when Northern men
 Shall sweep the foemen from sea to sea;
 And songs of joy will be sung again
 At Northern firesides—in Ireland free !

TONE'S GRAVE

*IN Bodenstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly around it the winter winds rave;
Small shelter I ween are the ruined walls there
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.
Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—
And thought how he perished in prison alone,
His friends unavenged and his country unfreed—
“Oh, bitter,” I said, “is the patriot’s meed.*

*“ For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life and a governing mind—
A martyr for Ireland, his grave has no stone—
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown.”
I was woken from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band who came into the home of the dead;
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopped when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.*

*There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,
And children who thought me hard-hearted; for they
On that sanctified sod were forbidden to play.
But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said:
“ We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,
And we’re going to raise him a monument, too—
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true.”*

*My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,
And I blessed him, and blessed every one of his band:
“ Sweet, sweet ’tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause and the man so long vanquished and slain.”
In Bodenstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave—
Far better they suit him—the ruin and the gloom—
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb.*

THE MOUNTAIN MEN

(This fine, spirited song, written by William Rooney to the air of "Fineen the Rover," is hardly ever heard on our concert platforms. It deserves to be popular).

*DID you mark e'er a smoke-drift go sailing
 A while ago down by yon wood?
 Did you hear in the glen the wind wailing
 Where a barrack a week ago stood?
 Did you hear the Yeos boasting to trap us,
 And hang us like dogs to a tree?
 Why, then, we're not strangers, and maybe
 You'll join in this chorus with me.*

CHORUS.

*Sing ho ! for the boys of the Mountain;
 And hey ! for the boys of the Glen !
 Who never show heel to the sojers—
 Here's slainte to Dwyer and his men !*

*We're not given much to parading;
 There's not many guns in the throng;
 But he that comes spying our quarters
 Won't bother the world for a-long.
 The troopers come seeking us daily,
 To drive us to hell, so they say;
 But the road's a bit long, so we send them
 Before us to show us the way !*

Chorus.

*There's many a white-livered villain
 That dreads to awaken our ire,
 And tries to be civil, for treason
 We visit with steel, lead and fire.
 The people all bless us, for many
 A cabin's left safe and secure
 For fear of the men of the mountain
 Whose guns are the guard of the poor.*

Chorus.

We laugh at their offers of money
 And scorn their power. If we fail
 It won't be the sojers or traitors
 Who'll bring us to grief, I'll go bail.
 We're only a few, but the valleys
 And mountains are ours—every hill,
 And while God leaves the strength in our sinews
 We'll keep the old cause living still.

Chorus.

A SONG OF TONE

(AIR: "The Irish Volunteers.")

*No craven dirge of sorrow
 Our hearts will sing to-day,
 No whinings for the morrow
 Or for ages passed away;
 But a song of bold rejoicing
 That the seed by our martyrs sown
 Has sprung to bloom by the lonely tomb
 Of our own unconquered Tone !*

*O, brave young men of Eirinn !
 Be steadfast, leal and true,
 Be generous in your daring
 For the cause of Roisin Dubh;
 Be hers in joy and sorrow,
 Even though you stand alone
 For the stainless Right, 'gainst England's might,
 Like our own unconquered Tone !*

*His fame is in your keeping,
 To hold without a stain,
 Till freedom's fires are leaping
 From every hill and plain;
 Till Ireland's battle slogan
 Shall reach to the despot's throne,
 And swords aflame shall trace the name
 Of our own unconquered Tone !*

BRIAN NA BANBAN.

KELLY OF KILLANNE

WHAT'S the news? What's the news? O my bold Shelmanier,
 With your long-barrelled gun of the sea?
 Say what wind from the sun blows his messenger here
 With a hymn of the dawn for the free?
 "Goodly news, goodly news, do I bring, Youth of Forth;
 Goodly news shall you hear, Bargo man!
 For the Boys march at morn from the South to the North,
 Led by Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!"

"Tell me who is that giant with the gold curling hair—
 He who rides at the head of your band?
 Seven feet is his height, with some inches to spare,
 And he looks like a king in command!"—
 "Ah, my lads, that's the pride of the bold Shelmaniers,
 'Mong our greatest of heroes, a Man!—
 Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
 For John Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!"

Enniscorthy's in flames, and old Wexford is won,
 And the Barrow to-morrow we cross,
 On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun
 That will batter the gateways of Ross!
 All the Forth men and Bargo men march o'er the heath,
 With brave Harvey to lead on the van;
 But the foremost of all in the grim Gap of Death
 Will be Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!

But the gold sun of Freedom grew darkened at Ross,
 And it set by the Slaney's red waves;
 And poor Wexford, stript naked, hung high on a cross,
 And her heart pierced by traitors and slaves!
 Glory O! Glory O! to her brave sons who died
 For the cause of long-down-trodden man!
 Glory O! to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride—
 Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!

Ó Ceallaig, An Laoč ó Cill Anne

Donncaotha Ó Laocháire O' AISTRIG.

Cao é an sceól? Cao é an sceól? A Maoiliúghra móir,
 Atá ag iomácar do móir-šunna gROIde,
 Cao í an ſaoč cùgáinn a ſeol a' teacáitare an treo;
 Le h-iomann na ſaoirſe dá cloinn.
 1 Ófotarta cloispear gan ſó an deig-scéal,
 Is i mBaircē gléasfar go mear;
 Mar tátar ag gluaiseact ó tuiaró fé lán tſeól,
 Fé treorúſacta Uí Ceallaig ó Cill-Anne.

Aitris túinn cé hé Laoč an óir-ſuilt čais buriðe,
 Atá ag gluaiseact ar čeann an marc-ſluaiſ?
 Atá ſeačt otróigte ar aoirde is tuilleató go ríor,
 Is gur cuma nō rí é, dar duač!
 A buačailli, ſiúd agairb ríor-scoč na otreon,
 Slíocth Maoiliúghra nár ſpáon ins an otreas;
 Biotó ſacé cárbin i n-áirde lé gárta 'gus geóin,
 O' Ua Ceallaig an Laoč ó Cill-Anne.

Tá inniscórtais na smóil túb is Carmain ag Saeóil,
 Is raſaimto tar Dearbá de čois;
 Is cuirfimto gunna i mullac an tſlēiðe,
 A réabfaró móir-ſallai an Ruis.
 Veiro fir ann ó Fotarta is ó Baircē gan ſó,
 Agus Náirbí an Laoč lútmar mear;
 Áct i Ófior-túis an coiméascair ſeað ſeoðpar dar nōdís,
 Ua Ceallaig an Laoč ó Cill-Anne.

Áct tānis scamall ar ſréim ſil na ſaoirſe ag Ros,
 Agus claočluis cois Sláinge na otonn;
 Tá Carmain gá céasað go h-árd ar an gCrois
 Ag méirlis, mo čreac! is a clann!
 Áct glóire fé ūd anois o'anam na otreon,
 O'ág ar son Eireann le gean;
 Áct glóire don ſpear úd ón Sliab—'sé an leorán,
 Ua Ceallaig an Laoč ó Cill-Anne.

THE THREE FLOWERS

ONE time when walking down a lane,
 When night was drawing nigh,
 I met a colleen with three flowers,
 And she more young than I.
 "St. Patrick bless you, dear," said I,
 "If you'll be quick and tell
 The place where you did find these flowers,
 I seem to know so well."

She took and kissed the first flower once,
 And sweetly said to me:
 "This flower comes from the Wicklow hills,
 Dew wet and pure," said she;
 "Its name is Michael Dwyer—
 The strongest flower of all;
 But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast
 Though all the world should fall."

She took and kissed the next flower twice,
 And sweetly said to me:
 "This flower I culled in Antrim fields,
 Outside Belfast," said she.
 "The name I call it is Wolfe Tone,—
 The bravest flower of all;
 But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast
 Though all the world should fall."

She took and kissed the next flower thrice,
 And softly said to me:
 "This flower I found in Thomas Street,
 In Dublin fair," said she.
 "Its name is Robert Emmet,
 The youngest flower of all;
 But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast,
 Though all the world should fall.
 Then Emmet, Dwyer and Tone I'll keep,
 For I do love them all;
 And I'll keep them fresh beside my breast
 Though all the world should fall."

NORMAN G. REDDIN.

(By permission of the publishers—words and
 music 1/—Walton's).

BY MEMORY INSPIRED

(This '98 street ballad, to a traditional air, was sung throughout Ireland when the English seized John Mitchel in 1848 and sent him to imprisonment and exile beyond the seas).

BY memory inspired, and love of country fired,
 The deeds of men I love to dwell upon;
 And the patriotic glow of my spirit must bestow
 A tribute to the heroes that are gone, boys, gone—
 Here's the memory of the heroes that are gone !

In October, 'Ninety-Seven—may his soul find rest in heaven—
 William Orr to execution was led on;
 The jury, drunk, agreed that Irish was his creed,
 For perjury and threats drove them on, boys, on—
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone !

In 'Ninety-Eight—the month, July—the informer's pay was
 high,
 When Reynolds gave the gallows brave McCann;
 But McCann was Reynolds' first—one could not allay his
 thirst—
 So he brought up Bond and Byrne that are gone, boys,
 gone—
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone.

We saw a nation's tears shed for John and Henry Sheares,
 Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong;
 We may forgive, but yet we never can forget
 The fate of Tone and Emmet that are gone, boys, gone,
 Of all the fearless heroes that are gone.

How did Lord Edward die? Like a man, without a sigh !
 But he left his handiwork on Major Swan !
 But Sirr, with steel-clad breast, and coward heart at best,
 Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone, boys,
 gone—
 Here's the memory of our friends that are gone !

September, Eighteen-Three, closed this cruel history,
 When Emmet's blood the scaffold flowed upon.
 Oh, had our men been wise they then might realise
 Their freedom—but we drink to Mitchel that is gone,
 boys, gone—
 Here's the memory of the heroes that are gone !

THE RISING OF THE MOON

(AIR: “*The Wearing of the Green.*”)

“O H ! then, tell me, Seán O'Farrell, tell me why you
 hurry so?”
 “Hush, a bhuchaill, hush and listen,” and his cheeks were
 all a-glow.
 “I bear orders from the Captain, get you ready quick and
 soon,
 For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon.”

“Oh ! then tell me, Seán O'Farrell, where the gathering
 is to be?”
 “In the old spot by the river, right well known to you
 and me.
 One word more—for signal token whistle up the marching
 tune,
 With your pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of the
 moon.”

Out from many a mudwall cabin eyes were watching thro'
 that night,
 Many a manly breast was throbbing for the blessed warning
 light,
 Murmurs passed along the valleys like the banshee's lonely
 croon,
 And a thousand blades were flashing at the rising of the
 moon.

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men was seen.

Far above the shining weapons hung their own beloved green.

*"Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! Strike the marching tune,
And, hurrah, my boys, for freedom! 'tis the rising of the moon."*

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate—

(Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of Ninety-Eight)—

Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood's burning noon

Who would follow in their footsteps at the rising of the moon!

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

Éiríse na Sealaíse

Scriobhá ar dtús i Sacreibhla le Seán Mac Aoibhíán Uí Cásáin ("Leo"): agus ar n-a cur i nGaeilge le William Mac William ("an Ceilteach") ó Dún Garbáin.

"Innis dám, a Seágain Uí Fheargail,
Fát do luadaír cùsgáinn i leit!"

"Éist! éist! lém' sgeul, a buachaill,"—
A's a leaca lasta teit,—

"Is siad ortuigte ar dtaoisigh,
Sinn o'ár ngleasaíodh féin le brí,
A's na pictíde Úait le céile
Le glain-éiríse na Sealaíse!"

"Innis dám, a Seágain Uí Fheargail,
Cá mbeidh bailliuíodh na Ópear dtreun?"

"Ins an tsean-áit cois an tsroca,
Is léir-aitníodh d'úinn ar aon.

Seinntear suas liò an Ross-cata,
Ar sean-port mairseála féin,
A's na pictíde ar ár ngruaillníodh
Le caoimh-éiríse gil na Rae!"

Ó gáé teaghlach, fesbó na hoibhche,
 Ó fáir na milte glas-súil ghlé;
 Ó preab na milte croiðe ar feiteam
 le teacht soluis lochrain Dé!
 Rit trom-mhónar tres na gleanntaib
 Mar crónán dúibhac mná-siðe,
 As bhi coillte sleag ag deallraib
 le glain-éirghe na hÉalaíse!

Táll, cois an tsroca tóinnimair
 Seas na fianna vána teann,
 'S ár ncoil-brataib glórmar uaine
 Ag polláimain ós a gceann!
 "Dás do'n náimair 's do luict na braicte!
 Seinn Rosg-cata! buail suas é!
 Dia le hÉirinn! Dia le Saoirse!
 Feucl! oil-éirghe gseal na Rae!"

Maité a dtreas ar son na Dánban,
 As giò truaig a dtuitim tréit.
 Dár mo láim! ní náir linn labairt
 Ar sean "blisðain a' Ninety-eight."
 Duidé le Dia! táid fós ar marctain
 Croiðe láidre laochea gcroiðe,
 Triallraib 'na rian do'n macair
 le glain-éirghe na hÉalaíse.

TONE IS COMING BACK AGAIN

(This song to a traditional air, has been popular in Ulster since the days of the United Irishmen).

*CHEER UP, brave hearts, to-morrow's dawn will see us
 march again
 Beneath old Erin's flag of green that ne'er has known a
 stain.
 And ere our hands the sword shall yield or furled that banner
 be—
 We swear to make our native land from the tyrant's
 thraldom free!*

CHORUS.

*For Tone is coming back again with legions o'er the wave,
The scions of Lord Clare's Brigade, the dear old land to save,
For Tone is coming back again with legions o'er the wave
The dear old land, the loved old land, the brave old land
to save !*

*Though crouching minions preach to us to be the Saxon's
slave,
We'll teach them all what pikes can do when hearts are true
and brave.
Fling Freedom's banner to the breeze, let it float o'er land
and sea—
We swear to make our native land from the tyrant's thraldom
free !*

Chorus.

*Young Dwyer 'mong the heath-clad hills of Wicklow leads
his men;
And Russell's voice stirs kindred hearts in many an Ulster
glen;
Brave Father Murphy's men march on from the Barrow to
the sea—
We swear to make our native land from the tyrant's thraldom
free !*

Chorus.

*Too long we've borne with smouldering wrath the cursed alien
laws,
That wreck our shrines and burn our homes and crush our
country's cause;
But now the day has come at last: Revenge our watchword
'be !
We swear to make our native land from the tyrant's thraldom
free !*

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TWENTY MEN FROM DUBLIN TOWN

(In 1798, after the close of the Insurrection, several United Irishmen left Dublin and joined Michael Dwyer in the mountains).

TWENTY men from Dublin Town
 Riding on the mountain side,
 Fearless of the Saxon frown,
 Twenty brothers true and tried.
 Blood flows in the City streets,
 There the Green is lying low;
 Here the emerald standard greets
 Eyes alike of friend and foe.

Fly the city, brothers tried;
 Join us on the mountain side,
 Where we've England's power defied,
 Twenty men from Dublin Town.

Twenty men from Dublin Town,
 Full of love and full of hate.
 Oh ! our chief, our Tone is down—
 Soul of God, avenge his fate !
 Joy it is whene'er we meet
 Redcoats in the mountain track—
 Ah ! as deer they must be fleet
 If they get to Dublin back.

Chorus.

Twenty men from Dublin Town,
 Every night around the fire
 Brimming methers toss we down
 To our captain, Michael Dwyer.
 Sláinte, Michael, brave and true,
 Then there rings the wild " Hurrah ! "
 As we drink, dear land, to you,
 Eire sláinte geal go bráth !

Chorus.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

(By permission of the publishers—words and
 music 1/—Walton's).

WOLFE TONE

(AIR: "*The Croppy Boy.*")

THE first storm of winter blew high, blew high;
 Red leaves were scattering to a gloomy sky;
 Rain clouds were lowering o'er the plains of Kildare,
 When from Dublin, southward, the mourners came there.

"In the spring," they whispered, "Lord Edward bled,
 And the blood of hosts was in summer shed;
 Death in the autumn o'er Connacht passed,
 But the loss that is sorest came last, came last.

"Though Fitzgerald died, sure we fought them still,
 And we shouted 'Vengeance' on Vinegar Hill,
 Knowing our flag would again be flown
 If France gave ear to the prayers of Tone.

"Twice," we thought, "his appealing lips
 Brought forth her armies and battleships,
 And the storms of God shall not always stay
 England's doom, as in Bantry Bay."

"And, oh," we said to the hopeless ones,
 Who made count of Ireland's martyred sons,
 "The bravest lives; be your mourning dumb,
 Ere the snow of winter Wolfe Tone shall come."

He came—was beaten—we bear him here
 From a prison cell on his funeral bier,
 And Freedom's hope shall be buried low
 With his mouldering corpse 'neath the winter snow.

"Hush," one said, o'er the new-set sod,
 "Hope shall endure with our faith in God,
 And God shall only forsake us when
 This grave is forgotten by Irishmen."

Alice Milligan.

SLIAB NA MBAN

Is ot liom féineacé dualatò 'n lae úd

Do dul ar Saeòil doct's na céadta slao,
Mar tā na méirliig ag tēanam game dinn,

A's a ráò nád aon níò leo píc ná sleas.

Níor tāmis ar Major i dtúis an lae éu gáinn

'S ní rabhmar fém ann i gcoir ná 'gceart,

Ach, mar a seolfaí tréada te ba gan aodra

Ar taoð na gréine te Sliab na mban.

Mó leán leir ar an dream gan éifeacht

Nár fan le h-éirim is d'oiridé is stao,
So mbeatò d'útaigé Déisé agus iartar Éireann

Ag triall le céile ó'n tir andeas;

So mbeatò a scampái téanta le fórsaí tréana

Deatò congnam Déis linn sa saoðal ar fad,
A's ní òfolfað méirliig te muintir Néill sinn,

A's buarðriðe an réim linn ar Sliab na mban.

'Sé Ros do b'reoitò a's do claoitò go deo sinn

Mar ar fágatò mór-éuidé dinn sínte lag:

Leandat óga 'na smólaib ann d'igte

A's an méid a fan beò ófob cois clairde nó sgaírt!

Ach geallaim fén óf an té òein an fósla

So mbeam-na i gcoir dò le píc a's le sleas,

A's go scuirpeam yeomen ar crit 'n-a mbróga

Ag fóil an còmair leo ar Sliab na mban.

Is mó fear aosta a's crobhair glé-geal,

Ó'n am go céile do gábaò le seal;

'N-a òfuit còrdai caola ag baint lùt a ngéag ófob,

1 ndoinsiùm daora go doimhinn faoi glas;

Sárdai taoð leò ná leòmhaò sméid ORRA,

Do tēanfaò plé ófob i dtír tar lear;

D'a dtabhairt saor ó n-a namair gan baodachas,

1 n-am an tsaoitair ar Sliab na mban

Atá an Franchaé faoðraò a's a loingeas gléasta

le cranna geura acu ar muir le seal;

'Sé a sior-sgéal go òfuit a dtíall ar Eirinn

A's go scuirfio Saeòil doct' airis 'na gceart.

Úá mbaoð óóis liom féineacé go mb' fíor an sgéal úo,

Óéaoð mo éróiðe comh n-éatrom le lon ar sgeacé
So mbéaoð claoiðe ar méisrlig a's an aðarc o'á séideaoð
Ar taobh na gréine de Shliab na mBán.

Tá na cóbairg móra ag iarrató eolais,

Tá'n aimsir ós 's an cábair ag teact;

An té meill na gnóta is é leigisfír ós iadó,

A's ní ósolfam feóirling leó, cíos ná srait;

Þíosa c'róinneacé an éuio is mó óe,

Luacé éiric bó nō teaiglais deas,
Veitó rinnce ar bóitre a's soillse o'á nudoðað 'gáinn,

Veitó meitóir a's mórtas ar Shliab na mBán

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

(This is the oldest of the many street ballads of this title,
and probably the oldest of all the songs in English about '98).

*I'M a lad that's forced an exile
From my own native land,
For an oath that's passed against me
In this country I can't stand;
But while I'm at my liberty
I will make my escape.
I'm a poor distressed Croppy
For the Green on my cape !
For the Green on my cape !
For the Green on my cape !
I'm distressed—but not dishearten'd—
For the Green on my cape !*

*But I'll go down to Belfast
To see that seaport gay,
And tell my aged parents
In this country I can't stay.
Oh, 'tis dark will be their sorrow—
But no truer hearts I've seen,
And they'd rather see me dying
Than a traitor to the Green !*

*O, the wearing of the Green !
 O, the wearing of the Green !
 May the curse of Cromwell darken
 Each traitor to the Green !*

*When I went down to Belfast,
 And saw that seaport grand,
 My aged parents blessed me,
 And blessed poor Ireland.
 Then I went unto a captain,
 And bargained with him cheap—
 He told me that his whole ship's crew
 Wore Green on the cape !
 O, the Green on the cape !
 O, the Green on the cape !
 God's blessing guard the noble boys
 With Green on the cape !*

*'Twas early the next morning
 Our gallant ship set sail;
 Kind Heaven did protect her
 With a pleasant Irish gale.
 We landed safe in Paris,
 Where victualling was cheap—
 They knew we were United,
 We wore Green on the cape !
 We wore Green on the cape !
 We wore Green on the cape !
 They treated us like brothers
 For the Green on the cape !*

*Then forward stepped young Boney,
 And took me by the hand,
 Saying "How is old Ireland,
 And how does she stand?"
 "It's as poor, distressed a nation
 As ever you have seen,
 They are hanging men and women
 For the wearing of the Green !
 For the wearing of the Green !
 For the wearing of the Green !
 They are hanging men, and women, too,
 For the wearing of the Green !"*

"Take courage now, my brave boys,
 For here you have good friends,
 And we'll send a convoy with you
 Down by their Orange dens;
 And if they should oppose us,
 With our weapons sharp and keen
 We'll make them rue and curse the day
 That e'er they saw the Green !
 That e'er they saw the Green !
 That e'er they saw the Green !
 We'll show them our authority
 For wearing of the Green !

O, may the wind of Freedom
 Soon send young Boney o'er,
 And we'll plant the tree of Liberty
 Upon our Shamrock shore;
 O, we'll plant it with our weapons
 While the English tyrants gape
 To see their bloody flag torn down
 To Green on the cape !
 O, the wearing of the Green !
 O, the wearing of the Green !
 God grant us soon to see that day,
 And freely wear the Green !

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CARROLL BAWN

(TRADITIONAL AIR).

T'WAS in the town of Wexford they sentenced him to die,
 'Twas in the town of Wexford they built the gallows high,
 And there one summer morning when beamed the gentle dawn
 Upon that cursed gallows they hung my Carroll Bán.

Oh ! he was true and loyal, oh ! he was true and fair,
 And only nineteen summers shone on his golden hair;
 And when his gallant brothers had grasped the pike in hand,
 Where the green flag streamed the fairest, he stood for native
 land.

I saw him cross the heather with his bold companie,
 And from the rising hillside he waved his hand to me;
 Then on my wild heart settled a load of woe and pain :
 Mo bhrón ! its throbbing told me we'd never meet again.

They fought the Saxon foemen by Slaney's glancing wave,
 But brutal strength o'erpowered the gallant and the brave,
 And in the flight which followed that day of misery
 Sore wounded, he was taken, young Carroll Bán mo chroidhe.

Oh, fairior geur ! that ever I saw the dreadful sight—
 His locks all damply hanging, his cheeks so deadly white.
 What wonder if my ringlets were changed from dark to grey
 Or if the blessed hand of God had ta'en my life away.

'Twas in the town of Wexford they sentenced him to die,
 'Twas in the town of Wexford they built the gallows high.
 With form erect and manly, and look of scornful pride,
 For Ireland's faith and freedom my true love nobly died.

The meadow path is lonely, the hearth is cold and dim,
 And the silent churchyard blossom blooms softly over him;
 And my heart is ever yearning for the calm rest coming on,
 When its weary pulse lies sleeping beside my Carroll Bán.

“ LEO.”

THE PATRIOT MAID

(Dedicated to Betsy Grey, the patriot maid who fought and fell with the Insurgent forces in '98).

(AIR: "Paddies Evermore.")

*A*n Irish girl in heart and soul,
I love the dear old land;
I honour those who in her cause
Lift voice or pen or hand.
And may I live to see her free
From foreign lord and knave,
But Heaven forbid I'd ever be
The mother of a slave.

God bless the men who take their stand
In Ireland's patriot host;
I'd give the youth my heart and hand
Who serves his country most;
And if he fell, I'd rather lie
Beside him in the grave
Than wed a wealthy loon and be
The mother of a slave.

Thro' many a blood-red age of woe
Our Nation's heart has bled;
But still she makes her tyrants know
Her spirit is not dead.
God bless the men who for her sake
Their life and genius gave;
God bless the mothers of those sons,
They nursed no dastard slave!

Some on the scaffold place of doom
For loving Ireland died;
And others to the dungeon-gloom
Are torn from our side,
But God the Just, who ne'er designed
His image for a slave,
Will give our country might and mind
And raise the true and brave.

THE PATRIOT MOTHER

“ *COME, tell us the name of the rebellious crew
Who lifted the pike on the Curragh with you;
Come, tell us the treason, and then you'll be free,
Or right quickly you'll swing from the high gallows tree.*”

“ *A leanbh ! a leanbh ! the shadow of shame
Has never yet fallen on one of your name,
And, oh ! may the food from my bosom you drew
In your veins turn to poison if you turn untrue.*

“ *The foul words, oh ! let them not blacken your tongue,
That would prove to your friends and your country a wrong,
Or the curse of a mother, so bitter and dread,
With the wrath of the Lord—may they fall on your head !*

“ *I have no one but you in the whole world wide,
Yet false to your pledge you'd ne'er stand by my side;
If a traitor you lived, you'd be farther away
From my heart than, if true, you were wrapped in the clay.*

“ *Oh ! deeper and darker the mourning would be
For your falsehood so base than your death proud and free;
Dearer, far dearer, than ever to me,
My darling, you'll be on the brave gallows tree !*

“ *'Tis holy, a ghrádh, from the bravest and best—
Go, go from my heart and be joined with the rest,
A leanbh mo chroidhe ! O, a leanbh mo chroidhe !
Sure, a 'stag' and a traitor you never will be !”*

*There's no look of a traitor upon the young brow
That's raised to the tempters so haughtily now;
No traitor e'er held up the firm head so high—
No traitor e'er showed such a proud flashing eye.*

*On the high gallows tree, on the brave gallows tree,
Where smiled leaves and blossoms, his sad doom met he !
But it never bore blossom so pure or so fair
As the heart of the martyr that hangs from it there.*

EVA MARY KELLY.

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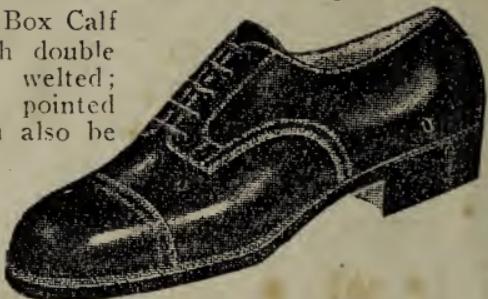
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